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# DELAWARE WATER GAP LYRICS

M. F. MINSI EDITION

# Delaware Water Gap

# Lyrics

(Mt. Minsi Edition)

BY

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by
CHARLES K. MESCHTER

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Inscribed
to all persons
who have been aroused
by the majesty of Mount Minsi
and the delicate beauty of
Caldeno Falls

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# The Lure of Mt. Minsi

Like furious swashing swaying seas
Mt. Minsi's winds sing symphonies.
There chastened air clears mind for truth
And charges limbs with vim of youth;
With heart forever like the dawn
There I shall wander on and on;
Through shrouding mist, o'er threatening scar,
I'll climb the trail whose end 's a star.

To quell the riot in my breast
I must heed Minsi's loud behest!

# Caldeno Falls

In a covert cool and dim
O'er which trees both great and grim
Lean with limb entwined in limb;

In this dank and darkling dell
Like a cave where monk doth dwell,
Thinking that his soul is well;

Mountain waters gently play
On their leaf-hid winding way,
Dashing into softest spray.

To the tinkling water's brink
Downy mosses creep to drink
While their sleepy wee eyes blink.

Timid flowerets here and there
Tremble in the chilly air
That doth lift their gossamer hair.

Now and then the whir of wings
Brings a mountain bird that sings
Rarely, to his bardic springs.

Where I see her waters fall,

Where I hear her liquid brawl,

I 'm Caldeno's willing thrall.

# Diana's Bath

Where the straight tall evergreens
Make a veil which daylight screens,
Where the rhododendron bloom
Fills the air with its perfume,
In this scented deepened shade
Leaps Caldeno's clear cascade.

At its base, enclosed in fern,
This rill grows a spacious urn;
Clear and cool its waters are,
Flashing like a lovely star;
Here hid from the mountain path
Is far-famed Diana's Bath.

Where the light is afterglow,
Where the moss is soft like snow,
Here, 'tis whispered, is the place
Haunted by that classic grace,
Here within the favored tide
Laves the immortal starry-eyed.

# Beside a Tarn

Where the mountain-ridge looms high,
Where the large boughs brush the sky,
Where the wanderer must grope
His trail up the wooded slope,
Where untainted winds distill
Vigor on the weary will,
There hemmed in by tree and brake
Is a placid sapphire lake.

Like a gem of brightest sheen
Lies this tarn encased in green:
In its clearness all the day
Dextrous fish flash round in play,

Or are poised in perfect grace
In their lonely watery place,
And to loiterers impart
Knowledge of their swimming art.

Here beside the lakelet's calm
Where glad breezes drop their balm,
Here beneath the splendid star
Where the cunning fishes are,
Here hid in this mountain spot
Where the busy world is not,
Here man must forget his care
And his soul ascend in prayer.

# The Promontory

Where the cloud-mass drifts
And spins and shifts
The huge sheer wall of rock uplifts;
There the eagle wheels
When thunder peals;
And there man's mind is awed and reels.

Far 'neath cliff and pine
The waters shine
A long and narrow tortuous line;
In his fragile boat
Man so remote
Is but a feeble fay afloat.

Then the eye surveys

The glorious maze

Of vale and peaks and sky and haze;

To the utmost goal

A boundless shoal

Of mountain billows lift and roll.

# Drifting at the Delaware Water Gap

The sun goes down!
Mt. Minsi's crown
Flames into purple, gold, and brown:
Ten-thousand notes
Trill from the throats
Of vesper birds as my skiff floats.

In passing by
The dizzy eye
Beholds peaks vanish in the sky:
Then in romance
Bursts the expanse
Beyond the cliffs as I advance.

Daylight has sped,

And overhead

A single star peeps from the dead:

And evermore

From shore to shore

Drifts my canoe as life were o'er.

I 'm going where my soul has rest,

I 'm going where my soul gets zest!

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